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THE
Art of Architecture,
A
P O E M.

In Imitation of HORACE's Art of POETRY.

Humbly Inscribed to the R^t. Hon^{ble} the Earl of -----

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* OVID.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at TULLY's Head in *Pall-Mall*; and
Sold by T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1742.
[Price, One Shilling.]

Art of Architecture

P O E M

In Imitation of HORACE'S Art of Poetry

By Henry, Esq. of the Middle Temple

London: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1741.



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Printed for R. DODD, at the Sign of the Anchor, in Pall-mall, and
Sold by T. COOPER, at the Sign of the Anchor, in Pall-mall.
[Price, One Shilling.]



THE
P R E F A C E.

THE great Freedom with which HORACE has been used, I hope will be in some Measure an Excuse for the Liberty I take in this Essay. ---The Art of Cookery, and Harlequin-Horace are two glaring Instances, not to mention Numberless Translators, Commentators, &c. upon his Works ; in which some have so Remark'd and Revis'd, that they have explain'd the Sense of Horace quite away.--I for my Part, either as a Poetical ARCHITECT, or an Architectural POET, profess myself to be only an humble IMITATOR of him,

him : I have seldom lost sight of the Original, at least as far as the Subject will permit.---But ARCHITECTURE is a barren Theme, and a Path so beaten, that to step out of it, though purely to avoid the Crowd, is looked upon as an unpardonable Singularity. How far I may have strayed in this Poetical Excursion, I know not ; but of this, I am certain I can with Truth say with HORACE,

--- Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his Utere Mecum.





T H E

ART of ARCHITECTURE,

In Imitation of HORACE's Art of POETRY.



SHOULD you, my LORD, a wretched Picture view ;
 Which some unskilful Copying-*Painter* drew,
 Without Design, Intolerably bad,
 Would you not smile, and think the Man was mad?
 Just so a tasteless Structure ; where each Part
 Is void of *Order, Symmetry, or Art* :
 Alike offends, when we the Mimick Place ;
 Compare with *Beauty, Harmony, or Grace*.

PAINTERS, and ARCHITECTS are not confin'd
 By *Pedant-Rules* to circumscribe the Mind :

B

But

But give a Loofe, their Genius to improve ;
 And 'midft the pleafing Fields of *Science* rove.
 But then the Laws of *Nature* ; and of Sense,
 Forbid us with Contraries to difpenfe :
 To *paint* a Snake, engend'ring with a Dove ;
 Or *build* a Prifon 'midft a fhady Grove.

At fetting out, fome promife mighty Things,
Temples they form, and *Palaces* for Kings ;
 With a few *Ornaments* profufely drest,
 They fhine through all the *Dulnefs* of the reft.
 At fome long *Vifta*'s End, the Structure ftands ;
 The Spot a Summit, and a View commands :
 The wide-extended Plain appears below,
 And Streams, which through the verdant Meadows flow.
 Here *Towns*, and *Spires*, and *Hills* o'er Hills extend ;
 There *fhady Groves*, and *Lawns*, the Profpert end.
 Through lavifh *Ornaments*, the Fabrick fhines
 With wild Feftoons of Fruits, and cluft'ring Vines :
 Luxuriant Decorations fill each Space,
 And vaft Incumbrance ; void of *Rules* or *Grace* ;
 Without Coherence, crowded in each Place.

Should you require a little rising Pile,
 The Parts appropriate to the fertile Soil :
 Where *Neatness*, *Order*, and *Proportion* join ;
 Where *Strength*, and *Art*, and *Nature* should combine:
 The mimic *Architect* perhaps would be
 As much to seek in his Design ; as HE
 Whose only Talent was, to paint a *Tree*.
 With such gay Structures, why do they begin
 Such *Glare* of Ornament to usher in ?
 Why such external needless Drefs and Show ?
 The End improper, and the Meaning low.
 Form to each *Clime*, each *Place*, a *Modus* still ;
 But use the same Proportions at your Will.
 Change, modify your Form : Transpose, divide ;
 The same unerring Rules the *Science* guide.

Most ARCHITECTS in something do offend,
 When led by, aim'd-at-Excellence ; to mend---
 By striving to be plain, they sometimes fall,
 So *Mean*, so *Dull*, so *Tasteless* : they spoil all.

Others affect *Magnificence* alone;
 And rise in large enormous Heaps of Stone;
 Swell the huge *Dome*, and *Turrets* bid to rise,
 And Towers on Towers; attract the Gazer's Eyes.
 Some dare not leave the old, the beaten Way,
 To search new Methods, or in Science stray:
 Others with wild Varieties engage,
 And build a Seat to face the *Ocean's* Rage;
 Carve *Fruit* and *Flowers*, to face the raging Floods,
 Festoons of Shells, or Fish, for shady Woods.
 Thus willful Erring, join'd with Want of Skill,
 Is the most certain Way of Erring still.

The meanest Workman, may attempt to place
 A little Drefs to decorate a Space:
 May put an Ornament about a Door,
 Or decorate a Window, and no more:
 But then to *finish*, is beyond his Skill,
 And we suppose the rest, exceeding ill.
 And 'tis ridiculous for one good Part,
 Where what remains are Scandal to the Art;

Where

Where only one is luckily adorn'd,
And all the rest remarkably deform'd.

Let *Architects* attempt their Skill to show
In *small* Designs at first; in what they know.
Then as they find their Genius rise, to try
How much their Structures they can magnify.
Shew how *Convenience*, *Beauty*, *Symmetry*,
How *Method*, *Art*, and *Nature* will agree.
Rules well appropriate will ever please,
And proper Dress, is plac'd with greatest Ease.
First study *Nature*, where, and how to fill
The various Voids, and ornament with Skill.
Chuse the *just* Emblems for the Pile and Spot;
The Dress of *Temples* suit not with a *Grat*.
The *Palace*, and the *Villa* differ wide,
For both, a proper Ornament provide,
Perhaps in *this*, you must Profuseness spare;
When *that*; requires you to be lavish there.

If from the usual Taste your Building springs
Magnificently great, a Seat for Kings,

Let your exalted Fancy, tho' 'tis new,
 Keep the great Arts of *Greece* and *Rome* in View ;
 From thence your Fabrick form, your Genius flow,
 Thence bid the *Ravish'd Gazer's* Bosom glow.
 Can an impartial Critick justly blame
 A Fault in JONES, (or FL-T-FT, is the same ;))
 And yet approve in HAWKSMOOR, or in J---s,
 The same wild Error, or the same Extremes ?
 Why should the few, the Rules which I impart,
 Be construed ill, be Scandal to the Art ?
 When GIBBS, so copious, so enrich'd has been,
 No Part's obscure, but all are useful seen.

Men always had, and ever will, Pretence,
 At least with Method, to improve our Sense :
 And the last Laws, however just or true,
 Must give the Palm to such which are more new.
 One Year, a Train of Images arise,
 The next a gayer, newer Form supplies.
 One Scene improv'd, must to another yield,
 And all resign to FATE, and quit the Field.

The

The fam'd St. HELLEN's, and the fam'd TORBAY,
 Where GEORGE's GLORIOUS FLEETS, in *Safety* lay.
 The *Bank*, the *Meuse*, the *Treasury* will fall,
 One common Ruin overwhelming all :
 Nay this great CITY may be lost in Flames,
 And what are *Villa's*, may be desart *Plains*.
 The *Bleating Flocks*, on ruin'd *Fabricks* stray,
 And what were *Temples*, now in *Asbes* lay :
 The *Groves* arise where *Gilded Turrets* shone,
 And what are *Gardens* now, were Heaps of *Stone*.
 Yet THOSE, and THEY, will in Oblivion lye,
 And all, in future Times, forgot, and die.
 Why then should *Artists* challenge future Praise,
 When Time devours their Works so many Ways?
 But Use has rais'd the *Greek* and *Roman* Rules,
 And banish'd GOTHICK Practice from the Schools.
 Use is the Judge, the Law, the Rule of Things,
 Whence ARTS arose, and whence the SCIENCE springs.

At ATHENS first the rising Art began ;
 CECROPS, the King, first modell'd out the Plan.

The studious Youth ; pursu'd with ardent Care
 The Infant Rules, unpolish'd as they were,
 Till banish'd DÆDALUS Protection fought,
There well receiv'd, the stricter Rules he taught ;
 Their *Arts*, their *Sciences*, were learn'd in Schools,
 And all their *Precepts* were confin'd to Rules.

The swelling *Tree*, as it unpolish'd grew
 Undecorated, *Native* Graces shew ;
 From thence the COLUMN, in its purer Dress,
 The Work of *Nature*, must the Form confess :
 The *wreath'd*, the *fluted*, or th' *encumb'ring* Vine,
 With plenteous *Branches* round the Pillar twine ;
 Yet still its pure Simplicity you see ;
 The Shaft of *Art*, resembles still a *Tree*.

But how to appropriate, to embellish still
 Justly, the Space to decorate and fill,
 To give proportion'd Beauty to each Part,
 To make the whole subservient to the Art :
 The Inborn-Traces of the Mind pursue,
 For Nature teaches how to find the Clue.

The *silent Groves* a little Pile must grace ;
 Nor yet too grave, or lavish for the Place.
 We find the middle Path, the Way to please,
 And decorate the Parts with greater Ease.
 But when the Opening to some distant Scene,
 Where *Lawns*, and *liv'ning Prospects* intervene ;
 Where *Vista's* or delightful *Gardens* charm ;
 Where *verdant Beauties* all our Senses warm :
 Let *Flow'rs* and *Fruit* in seeming Wildness grow ;
 And there let lavish *Nature* seem to flow.
 There let the Parts, the Gazer's Eye surprize ;
 And with the *Glebe* the *Structure* HARMONIZE.
 Where *Severn*, *Trent*, or *Thames's* ouzy Side,
 Pours the smooth Current of their easy Tide :
 Each will require a Sameness to the Spot,
 For this a *Cell*, a *Cascade*, or a *Grott*.
 The *Moss*, or *gliding Streams* productive Store,
 To grace the *Building* on the *verdant Shore* :
 There the rough *Tuscan*, or the *Rustick* fix,
 Or *Pebbles*, *Shells*, or calcin'd *Matter* mix.

The *frozen Isicle's* resembled Form,
Or *Sea-green Weed*, your GROTTO must adorn.

Near some *lone Wood*, the *gay Pavilion* place ;
Let the CORINTHIAN MODE the Structure grace :
Carve here *Festoons* of lovely Flowers and Fruit :
And with the Spot, let the *Enrichments* suit.
On some Ascent, the plainer Fabrick view ;
The Dress IONICK, and the SCULPTURES few.
Few are the Ornaments, but plain and neat,
The *least* REDUNDANT are the *most* COMPLEAT.
GIBBS may be said, most Times in Dress to please,
And few can decorate with greater Ease :
But JONES more justly knew the Eye to charm,
To please the Judgment, and the Fancy warm ;
To give a Greatness to the *opening Glade*,
Or pleasing Softness to the *solemn Shade* ;
To suit the *Valley*, or the rising *Hill*,
Or grace the *Flow'ry Mead*, or *Silver Rill*.

In *H - - k - - r* ; *V - - b - - 's* very Soul you trace,
The same *unmeaning* Dress, in every Place ;

The same *wild Heap* of inconsistent Things :
 From whence the PRISON, or the Palace springs ;
 A *Tuscan Portal* for a *Palace Gate*,
 And a *Corinthian Column* in a LAKE.
 For disproportion'd Columns R - - l - - s see,
 Where neither *Art*, or *Rules*, or Form agree ;
 Absurdly bad, and grown a publick Jest :
 By far too HIGH - - too HEAVY all the rest.

Would you the Sister-Arts improve in Schools ?
 In *Sculpture* follow RYSBRACK's chosen Rules ;
 In *Portrait* seek for AMICONI's Force :
Humour in HOGARTH : WOOTEN for a *Horse* :
 In *Landscape*, LAMBERT ; or in *Crayons*, see
 The Charms of *Colours* flowing from GOUPEE.
 In *Eloquence*, you see young MURRAY shine ;
 In *Musick*, HANDEL's Graces are divine.

If to adapt your Fabrick, you would choose
 To suit the *Builder's* Genius, or his Use :
 Consider well his *Station*, *Birth*, or *Parts*,
 And make for each the *Quintessence* of Arts.

Here to the MUSE, a proper Part assign,
 To BACCHUS there, direct the *golden Vine* ;
 To VENUS, fix a little *silent Cell*,
 Where all the LOVES and GRACES choose to dwell :
 Where the young *Wantons*, revel, sport, and play ;
 And *frisk* and *frolick* tedious Time away.
 The PRISON's Entrance, *massy Chains* declare,
 The loss of Freedom, to the Wretched there.
 Thus every Spot assumes a various Face ;
 And *Decoration* varies with the Place.
 The TUSCAN or the DORIAN Modus here ;
 Th' IONICK, or CORINTHIAN Modus there.

The *Temples*, *Baths*, or solemn *sacred Urn*,
 Requires Attention, and our Skill in turn.
 The *weeping Statue* to the HERO lend ;
 True to his *Country*, *Family*, or *Friend* :
 So place the Figure, that as you draw near,
 You join his Grief, and drop a silent Tear.
 So *fine*, so *just*, the *Attitude* is made,
 The faithful *Marble* bids you mourn his Shade.

If

If you advent'rous, try your utmost Skill
 To tread unbeaten Paths, be *Lofly* ftill;
 Keep up the *Strength*, the *Dignity*, and *Force*
 Of *ftated Rules* ; let thofe direct your Courfe.
 New Methods are not eafy underftood ;
 And few will ftet in an untrodden Road.
 'Tis better to purfue the Rule that's known,
 Than truft to an Invention of your own.
 But then, be fure your Choice direct you right ;
 Vary, but keep the Original in fight :
 The Orders juft proportion ; ftict obferve,
 The Variation ; various Ufes ferve.
 Perhaps the Wafte, which every Pile endures,
 May make the Copy, juftly pafs for yours.
 You need not flavifh Imitators be,
 Exact in Copy ; but your Fancy free :
 THIS Ornament omit, or THERE exprefs
 The changing Modus, by a different Drefs.
 R—y, in *Ruftick* heavy Buildings ftill,
 Attempts in vain to pleafe, or fhew his Skill ;

How far he strays from the pure *Roman* Stile,
 And labours on in DULNESS all the while!
 With *M--s*, *F--ft*, *G--s*, *L--i*, *W--e*,
 Let ADMIRALTY, or CUSTOM-HOUSE compare.
 You'll see the wretched Structure's sinking State,
 Blam'd to Futurity, their certain Fate.
 He with a Glare of Gaiety extends
 The lengthen'd PILE, and still with DULNESS ends:
 But THOSE without your Expectation rise;
 And dazzle the Beholder with Surprise.
 Nothing is vain, or ill-expos'd to fight;
 No Part too *heavy*, nor no Drefs too *light*.
 So certain are the Methods they have fix'd,
 So just proportion'd, and so aptly mix'd,
 That all seem Graceful, Uniform, and Neat;
 Each Part is *perfect*, and the *Whole* compleat.

CRITICKS, attend the Rules which I impart;
 They are at least; *instructive* to the Art;
 Mark how *Convenience*, *Strength*, and *Beauty* join:
 With these let *Harmony of Parts* combine.

Appro-

Appropriate well the *Structure* to the Place ;
 And give each Part a *Symmetry* and *Grace*.
 Make *RULES* your Guide, your Fancy to controul ;
 And make *each* Part subservient to the Whole.

But choice of Place must be the *BUILDER's* Care,
 For various *Climates*, various *Modes* prepare.
 To some a *pleasing Vale* ; (the Poet's Song)
 Where *silver Streams* in Eddies glide along ;
 A little rising Hill, with Woods o'ergrown,
 And at the Foot, a verdant Carpet thrown :
 Where the soft *vernal Bloom* beneath is spread ;
 Where the tall *Poplar* hangs its *drooping Head*.
 Where, on the Bank, the *Flowers* and *Oxiers* green,
 Shade the smooth *Current* as it runs between ;
 The *fertile Meads*, enamell'd all around,
 And the *rich Glebe* with *yellow Harvest* crown'd.

Others in long-extended Views delight,
 Where *gilded Objects* catch the Gazer's Sight.
 Where the *wide Plain*, or *lawny Prospect* lye,
 In mingled Sweets, to chear the *ravish'd Eye*.

Where the VALE, winding round the *rising Hill*;
 The LILLY drinks beneath; the latent RILL.
 The *Lawns*, the *silver Streams*, the *opening Glade*,
 The distant *solemn Grove's* collected Shade:
 Charms of the *verdant*, or the *flow'ry Plain*;
 The *rising Mountain*, or the distant *Main*. - - -
 Where *rugged Rocks*, in wild Disorder rise;
 Where *unprolific Nature*, naked lies;
 Where the vast *craggy Summit* seems to shew,
 A *falling Precipice* to those below:
 Expos'd to scorching Heats, or piercing Wind,
 May more delight another's changing Mind;
 Or the rude *Billows* of tempestuous Seas,
 Another's Eye, perhaps, may chance to please:
 View on the Summit of a foaming Wave,
 The unhappy *Sailor* try's himself to save;
 The floating Wreck, the Vessel's shatter'd Side,
 Dash'd on the Shore, by the resistless Tide:
 The foaming *Surge* the Shore repells again;
 And beats alternate, back upon the Main:

View the abandon'd, helpless Wretch's State ;
Sinking, bemoans his LAST unhappy Fate.

All these the ARCHITECT must study well ;
From the proud *Palace* to the humble *Cell*.
The barren *Mountain*, and the rural *Shade* ;
The mingled gay Profusion, Nature made,
To fit and tally, Art requires his Skill,
From the *moist Meadow* ; to the *brown-brow'd Hill*,
The silent *shady Grove*, or *silver Rill*.

To give a Grandeur to the *Opening Lawn* ;
And pleasing Softness, to the *solemn Dawn* ;
To join the *vivid*, with the *vernal Bloom* ;
Where scarce a Sun Beam wanders thro' the Gloom.

This is the Art's Perfection well to know ;
To charm the Sense, and bid the Bosom glow :
Teach us to imitate the ANCIENTS well ;
And where the *Moderns* we should still *excell*.

Make the *Pavilion* proper for the Spot,
Or the *gay Temple*, or the *graver Grot*.

Adorn your *Villa* with the nicest Art,
 And let your Drefs, be juſt in every Part;
 Appropriate well, the Ornaments you chooſe;
 But not alone for Gaiety; but Uſe.

In a warm Climate where the *Tyber* flows;
 Where in the Soil, the obdurate *Marble* grows,
 THERE on the Spot, make choice of what you will,
 But HERE to uſe it, would be want of Skill:
 And 'tis an equal Fault of thoſe alone;
 Who vainly imitate. a *Portland-Stone*,
 The dryer Climates, cheriſh *Stucco* there,
 But Rains, and colder Snows, deſtroy it here.
 Avoid, as much as in you lyes, to place,
Fefloons, or looſer Ornament for Grace:
 Few let the *Carvings* be; for outſide Drefs:
 A Boldneſs rather ſhould your Thoughts expreſs,
 Redundancy, and Neatneſs will be loſt:
 And but to finiſh HIGH; is needleſs Coſt.
 But then, regard to Diſtance muſt be had:
 If near the Eye, the Fault would be as bad.

S - - - D, in Spite of Reason and of Sense,
 With all those Faults, and Follies will dispense;
Carv'd Fronts, and *Stucco* decorated still,
 Without Regard to place, the *Fabrick* fill:
 'Tis meant perhaps some *Fraçture* to conceal,
 Though frequent so; the more it does reveal:
 Such are the Reasons, should our Practice sway,
 And where the strongest plead, we should obey,
 The *most* demonstrative, the *safest* are;
 And what are not, we should avoid with Care:
 As you'd fly *SCYLLA*, or *CHARYBDIS* shun,
 Or Tricks of *SCAPIN*, *HARLEQUIN*, or *LUN*.

Convenience first, then *Beauty* is a Part,
 And *Strength* must be Assistant to the Art.
 A *little* Seat, a Neatness will require:
 A *PALACE* claims a more majestick Fire,
That made for Decency; for *Grandeur this*,
 And even Profuseness, may be not amiss.
Here a long vista'd Chain of Rooms of State,
 To entertain the Attendants on the Great,

The glittering Drefs, to *catch* the Gazer's Sight,
At once to give Surprise; and to delight.

The GREEKS to three, confined the stated Rules,
And only *those*, were known in public Schools;
Till ROME the *Tuscan*, and *Composite* join'd,
To enrich the Art, and to improve Mankind,
From these alone, all *Modes*, all ORDERS spring
To build a *Cell*, or *Palace* for a KING.

First the grave DORICK Mode; for Use was form'd,
When in its Infant-State, and unadorn'd:
'Twas Entertainment for the *sager* Few,
And pleas'd the Times, till something started new:
Then the gay, *Lydian Mode*; in Order rose,
And Art to Art, they wantonly oppose:
For Men grew fickle by Prosperity,
Study'd new Arts, and Ease and Luxury.
At length the rich CORINTHIAN's gayer Drefs
The Artift's Decorations, well express.

The GOTHS first introduc'd the frantick Way
Of forming *Apes*, or *Monsters*, wild as they

Because the Tumult, fond of Tricks and Apes,
Lov'd such Variety, and antick Shapes.

But K - - T has no Excuse, to copy these,
Unless he has; no other Way to please.

The *Modern* Artists, all their Genius shew
In a *Venetian-Window*, or a *Bow*.

The *Cell*, the *Temple*, *Palace*, *Villa*, all
Must have a Window, they *Venetian* call,
Or Bow; to grace a *Grotto*, or a *Hall*.

A *little* Structure; built for Use alone,
Requires no Dress, nor Ornament of Stone:

The *Plainest*, *Neatest*, Method is the best:
One simple Modus, governs all the rest.

The *Villa* next with Ornament you blend;

The *gay* and *pleasing* through the whole extend:

The *TEMPLE*, or the *GAYER-PALACE* will,

In Decoration, try your utmost Skill.

Learn of *PALLADIO*, how to deck a Space;

Of *JONES* you'll learn Magnificence, and Grace:

CAMPBELL will teach, the Beauty they impart;
 And GIBBS, the Rules and Modus of the Art:
 Keep still these Rules, and Methods, in your Sight;
 Read them by Day, and meditate by Night.

But V - - B - - H was admir'd, in *Anna's* Days,
 And even his *Blenheim*, would excite some Praise.
 And H - - s - - R travell'd in the same *dull* Road,
 And trod the Footsteps, which his *Master* trod:
 But BOYLE and PEMBROKE, have the Art restor'd;
 And *distant* Ages will their Fame record.

See the old GOTHS, in K - - 's Designs survive;
 And Modern FOOLS, to imitate his strive:
 Renouncing all the *Rules* the ROMANS had,
 Are past reclaiming, obstinately mad.
 Drunken N - - c - A, with a Front direct,
 Or stupid B - - s, makes such an Architect;
 Unhappy I! - - - - But *Fortune* slept between:
 And proper *Phyick* cur'd me of the Spleen.
 And now I'm satisfy'd to keep my Sense:
 Make RULES my Guide, to plead in my Defence:

Give to the *Roman Sciences* their Due :

And *write*, to whet that 'Appetite, in you.

Tell what the Duty of a BUILDER is,

Point out what's *Right* in Practice ; what's amiss.

Shew *where*, and *how* to decorate with Skill,

What *Ornaments* are just, and what are ill.

Shew how the *Judgment*, should conduct the Art,

And where *Judiciousness*, directs the Part;

Where proper *Situation* claims our Care ;

Where RULES should guide; and where most *useful* are.

The ARCHITECT, all Ranks of Men should know,

And when, and where, to bid his Genius flow

To swell the *Rules*, for MAJESTY, and State,

To equal all the Grandeur of the Great;

To serve the Use of SENATORS, or KINGS,

And be the Source, from whence all *Science* springs.

Sometimes in *old* Designs, you *Grandeur* view,

And even in *Negligence*, find something new.

But modern Youth are taught to *sing*, and *dance*,

And learn the FOLLIES, and the *Modes* of *France*;

Neglecting

Neglecting *Method, Order, Time, or Sense,*
 With all their *JARGON*, and their *Modes* dispense;
 They make the *Dorick*, and *Corinthian* mix;
 And with th' *Ionian*, the *Composite* fix.

The *Grave* and *Gay*, in one long Range extend;
 And with the *Solemn*, the *Profusive* blend.

Can Structures, built by such a *Builder*, live?

Will *A--f--y*, think you; *C--p--n* survive?

Will *O--k--y*, *B--s*, and some whom I could name?

Whose Works already; DAMN them into Fame.

Will they, or *not*, all Rules, all Modes deface.

Invert all ORDER, and the Art *disgrace*?

Will *B--f--w*; *M--d--n*; FOOLS by Nature made

Will they encrease, or will they ruin Trade?

'Tis you, MY LORD, who know your Judgment's Height;

Your Precepts, and Instructions, are of Weight;

Clear, and succinct, the *lower Class* to teach,

And oft, above the *towering* Artists Reach;

Where the gay Ornament you please to place,

And where it gives a *Majesty* and Grace.

And

These are the *Rules*, will live in *future Days*,
 The Youth's Director, and the *Poet's Lays*,
 'Tis these will shine when in Oblivion lay'd:
 The GOTHs forgotten, and the MODERNS dead.

The skillful Archer, may his Aim mistake;
 And the best Hand in Musick, Jarring make:
 So that, the Frailty of our Nature will,
 Excuse as Accident, nor construe ill.
 But if the Impertinent, their *Faults* are told,
 And *still* persist; and *still*, their Follies hold:
 Let them *abandon'd*, *senseless*, *stupid* be,
 And, past reclaiming, still be DULL for me.

In some great Structures, *Lowness* is express;
 And SLEEP even sometimes, HOMER lull'd to Rest;
Building, like *Painting*, proper Point of Sight,
 Requires to view it, in its clearest Light;
 And some tho' aim'd at *Grandeur*, or at Ease,
 Even please but *once*, and some will EVER please.

But yet, *my Lord*, this *one* important Truth,
 This Law of *Science*, which we teach our Youth,

Even THIS, no Mediocrity admit,
Rules, Nature, Reason, all must jointly fit:
 A *Painter* may RAPHAEL's Judgment want,
 And yet, we some Abilities will grant:
 He may, perhaps, a skillful Painter be,
 Tho' not so great, yet great in some Degree.
 In BUILDING, there's no *Laws* of human Kind,
 Admit a *Medium*; to the Artist's Mind,
All must be perfect, or 'tis understood,
 Excessive *Ill*, - - - or else sublimely *Good*.
 In Things where Reason, seems but to subside,
 Men learn to stem, the Torrent of the *Tide*;
 They *dance*, or *fence*, or vainly wish to *fly*,
 But if they fail, contented cease to try.
 But all in BUILDING, universal run,
 Undoing others, and themselves undone.

Oh B - - - LE! or S - - N - - PE, P - - M - KE; any Name,
 That ARTS, or VIRTUE; raises into Fame,
 Be to my *Muse* a Friend; assist my Cause;
 Be Friend to *Science*, fix'd on *Nature's* Laws.

On that alone, on *Nature's* perfect Plan,
 I form my SYSTEM, as I FIRST began.
 By you inspir'd, I boldly lay the Line,
 And ev'n am vain to call the Subject mine.
 So ORPHEUS, once by more than human Sway,
 Tam'd *savage Beasts*, or Men as wild as they ;
 And when AMPHION, built the THEBAN WALL,
 The Stones, by Magick Power, obey'd his Call.
 So *Ancient*, even in EGYPT's pristine State,
 Recorded ARCHITECTURE, has its Date.

Since thus, my Lord ; what GODS and KINGS inspire,
What bids my Bosom glow with *arduous* Fire ;
 This *Noble Art*, disdain not to protect ;
 If not the Art, at least the ARCHITECT.
 If *Art*, or *Nature*, form'd me what I am ;
 If one or both, assisted in the Plan,
 It is beyond, my utmost Power to say :
 Whether I *Art*, or *Nature's* Laws obey.
 Without each other, we in vain should strive ;
 To BUILD, or keep the SCIENCES alive ;

Each mutually assist, and *each* will need,
The other's Help, as NATURE has decreed.

He that intends an *Architeēt* to be,
Must seriously deliberate, like me;
Must see the *Situation*, *Mode* and *Form*,
Of every *Structure*, which they would adorn:
All Parts *External*, and *Internal*, view;
Before they aim to raise, a something new.

Ask *G - - s*, or *F - - t c - - t*, to correct your Plan,
They'll freely, where you err, instruct the Man,
In what's amiss, with Judgment, and with Care,
Where needful *add*; and where profusive; *spare*.
But if you selfish; foolishly defend;
Your glaring Faults, and will not strive to mend,
To his own Folly - - - - leave the Wretch alone,
And without Rival, let him BLUNDER ON.

Those Things which seem of little Consequence,
And slight and trivial; know; you some time hence,
When you are made ridiculous; will find,
They are important, and instruct the Mind:

If in a *Building Fit*, a FRANTIC Man :
 Should *wildly* scheme, a bad, or monstrous Plan ;
 Not minding *where*, or *how*, or *what*, to lay,
 For a Foundation, or his *Workmen* pay :
 If he should find, a Prison for his Pains,
 (Misfortune justly suited to his Brains)
 No one would *pity*, or *condole* his Fate,
 But think he merited, the *Bedlam-State*.

EMPEDOCLES, with Madness fought the Flame,
 And thought by that ; to gain immortal *Fame*.
 Let ARCHITECTS, and BUILDERS, *mad* as they,
 In Folly ; run, and make themselves away ;
 Why should it be a *Sin*, such Men to kill,
 More than to keep alive, against their Will ?
 It was not *Chance*, but *Choice*, the Poet made,
 To seek *Divinity*, in LETHE'S Shade ;
 For if he was, from PLUTO'S *Sable Plain*,
 Return'd to *Earth*, - - - He'd ÆTNA seek again.

'Tis

'Tis hard to say, whether the *Gloomy Clime*,
 Or *Murder, Incest*, or some heinous Crime,
 Sends *Building-Fiends*, into the *Madding World*,
 Govern'd by *Frenzy* ; by Confusion *hurl'd*,
 Seize all they meet ; and - - - like the baited BEAR,
 Without Distinction, *Range*, and *Rend*, and *Tear* :
 No one escapes them : from Lord O - - R - - D : down,
 To B - - s, and every errant Fool in Town :
 They *build*, or teach ; are leading, or are led ;
 And never cease, till they're in Jail, or dead.

F I N I S.



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